



SELECTED POETRY.

FROM THE BOSTON STATESMAN.
The broken heart.
Warreniana.

My Polly Dolly Adeline
Anelia Agnes Low
Was one of Nature's journeymen's
Unfinished work, I know.
Her forehead was as smooth as glass,
Her mouth was a straight line,
And her eyes stood out as visibly
As letters on a sign.
The "Venus of the Capitol"
Was taller than Miss Low;
At then Miss Low's diameter
Made up for it, you know.
And that she was the "mould of form,"
And was unrivalled shoes,
Her waist was not invisible,
And her feet were "made to use."
First said Miss Polly Dolly Low
Was waiting to disclaim
Her sweet monosyllable
Of her romantic name;
Every Sunday evening
She combed her golden hair,
At the window, pensively,
Sighing to the air.
"Canst, little rogue! was kind,
That is so often cruel,
To Miss Polly Dolly's fame
Send a stick of fuel,
And on his handsome man was he,
The reigning village beau,
Not made his bow one evening
To Polly Dolly Low.
Took a chair and sipped up,
And said, "I guess as how
To think, Miss Polly Adeline,
For come to court you now,"
"Know it," said the overcome
Miss Polly, "long ago."
On his neck she hung herself—
Affectionate Miss Low!
Then got up, quite out of breath,
Young Ebenezer Stout,
"Smoke again—of course as how
Can you kindly be your kiss,
But I am not your beau;
My brother Jacky wanted you?
Miss Polly Dolly Low."
CASSIUS.

THE BOSTON STATESMAN.

TIME.

Feeling power! around thy way
Tracks of human grandeur lay;
Thy waters cold and black,
Thy wind in thy gloomy track,
Thy hide from mortal ken
Where thy course hath been.
The things that earth has known,
The splendour of a throne,
The king and kingdom diadem—
These are all scattered them;
Over that shook the world with dread,
Beneath thy mighty tread!
Five years around thee flow,
No traces on thy brow—
Thy life and thy destroying all—
Thy now thy footsteps fall
On at first thy course was given,
Thy dead limits marked by Heaven.
Thy power! still deep and strong
Thy years shall roll along—
Thy shall leave his home on high;
Thy and stars of heaven shall die;
Thy shalt be the last to fall—
Thy and the end of all!

THE PHILADELPHIA SOUVENIR.

THIRD! FLY AWAY HOME.

Thy little infant tongue, it appears
In the New Monthly Magazine,
Familiarized in England by the second
Of it beyond the first couplet of the scene.
The whole song, which we now
Benefit of our juvenile vocalists, is
Thy to benevolent feeling. It is a
Thy from the German, in which lan-
Thy beautiful and brightly little insect is
Thy warm-hearted.

SONG.

Lady-bird! pretty one stay,
Thy finger, so happy and gay,
Thy shall no mischief tell thee;
Thy I do thee, no foe man is here,
Thy gaze on thy beauties so dear,
Thy winks, let's beside thee.
Thy Lady-bird! fly away home,
Thy on fire, your children will roam
Thy to thy cry and bewailing!
Thy spider is weaving their doom,
Thy bird, Lady-bird, fly away home.
Thy over its mirror, then deep skirts, tinged
Thy with the mingling glories of gold, purple, and
Thy again, back again, Lady-bird dear,
Thy shall me warmly welcome thee here,
Thy shall no peril attend thee;
Thy and thee so safely from danger and
Thy, and
Thy on thy beautiful winglet to fair,
Thy there, and ever befriend thee.

POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE MEMORIAL.
THE BROKEN HEART.

In passing through a city in Italy I was in-
tercepted by a funeral procession entering the
Cathedral. I mingled with the crowd, and
went in also to listen to the service for the dead,
which, in some places, is peculiarly solemn
and impressive to those unaccustomed to the
services of the Catholic church. While I sur-
veyed the lofty ceiling, the gloomy, but gau-
dily adorned chancel, the striking representa-
tions of death and judgment that hung around,
and listened to the muffled bell tolling heavily
for the departed, as peal after peal echoed
along the distant aisle, like voices from the
tombs beneath, the admonition once sounded
in the ears of a monarch came to my recollec-
tion with irresistible force: "Remember that
thou art mortal!"

The evening sun shone full on the immense
painted windows of the choir, yet scarcely pen-
etrated the coloured panes, which threw a dim
uncertain light of mingled hues among the lofty
arcades and deep recesses, merely rendering
visible scarlet canopies and painted banners, as
a trembling zephyr wandered through the
silken folds. Upon the splendid altar stood
waxen tapers, glimmering like faint stars in the
surrounding gloom, and lighting up the many
symbols and precious relics of the Cathedral.

An illuminated cross, suspended from above,
shed an emblematic effulgence over all, and
when unobscured by the clouds of ascending incense,
scattered its rays through the distant
chapels; and, as the ever-varying tints of light
and shade flitted over the storied canvases,
the silent features of saints, prophets, and martyrs,
seemed to glow with the animation of real life.
On a low bier, beneath a pall of black velvet,
sustained by young maidens, whose tearful
eyes betrayed their sorrow, lay the fair relic
of loveliness, worth, and affection. A chaplet
of white roses, entwined with cypress and or-
ange blossoms, confined her raven tresses.
One dark lock alone had escaped the frail
band, and lightened by the deep contrast,
the fairness of that brow, where the veins were
still faintly perceptible.

All that art and nature could yield, to take
away from death its awful aspect, and soften
the chilling atmosphere which surrounds the
pall and the coffin, were heaped unpari-
tally around the unconscious victim, but they were
read in vain. The heart refuses all consolation
in the first hours of utter distress. The
withering torch of the destroyer will not be
diverted thus. Time and prayer alone can heal
even in a partial manner, the bleeding heart
of the mourner. "Thy help cometh from
above," earth has no balm. Among the sons
of men there is no physician for the sorrows
of the heart. The firmness of a proud philoso-
pher, the stoicism of the unbeliever, vanish like
morning mists from the hills, at the appearance
of the angel of affliction—the rider of the pale
horse. A weeping mother, bent in speechless
agony over her first-born, and the parting scene
of the young man, whose eyes were closed in
death, and whose hands were clasped in prayer,
were the only scenes that could be seen.
The mother's eyes no longer could rest on
the pale face of her beloved. They had borne
the mother far away from her child.

Two brothers and a young sister came to kiss
the cold lips of their loved and lost one, ere
they were shut up in darkness for ever. Friends
and acquaintances pressed near, and looked upon
the silent "memento mori" of their own fate, or
quietly touched the snowy hand, as if fearful
of disturbing her dreamlike slumbers.

The loud and plaintive anthem ascended
once more in the lofty dome, and I covered my
face to give full scope to my suppressed feel-
ings. How long I remained thus I know not;
but when I looked up, the mourners were gone,
and the crowd almost dispersed. I waited till
all had departed save the priests and attend-
ants; and then advanced nearer to take a last
look also of the still beautiful maiden, as she
lay in her white vestments. An aged man
stood by, apparently regardless of every thing
but the corpse.

"Poor young victim!" said he, his voice all
most articulate through grief; "and this is the
deed of an inscrutable Providence. Thou art
taken in the hour of blossoming; and I, a
faded leaf, a bruised reed, am still left. But
thou wert broken-hearted. The cancer wound
revealed in thy bosom; and now thou art at
rest. May Heaven afford thee that happiness,
which the world denied thee!"

"Amen!" said a low voice on my right hand.
I started back suddenly, and beheld, for the
first time, a young man arrayed in mourning,
standing at the foot of the bier. His arms
were folded on his bosom, as if to hide convul-
sive breathings. His countenance expressed
not only sorrow, but despair. His eyes were
fixed on the maiden; but no tear moistened his
unearthly lustre, or cooled the feverish cheek.
And yet the deadly, almost fearful calmness
of his brow might have been mistaken for
peace. But it was only like the deceitful smile
of the ocean before it is agitated by the tempest.
I offered my hand. Without taking his eye
from the object before us, he gripped it convul-
sively.

"Aye, broken-hearted!" at length he ex-
claimed; and then a wild uncontrollable gust
of tears fell heavily, like autumn rain. The
attendants came forward to close the lid upon
the maiden. This roused him. He kissed her
for the last time; took the wandering curl
from its damp resting place, and placed it in
his bosom; stole a few blossoms from the fading
garland; and I remarked, that on the orange
blossom, (emblem of constancy) had fallen a
solitary tear-drop! I made free to rescue one
rose bud from the desolation of the tomb, and
emblem of her who resembled it in purity, in
sweetness, in beauty; and, alas! in their fate
also, they were allied. Both, called in their
hour of promise, to wither in the grave!

Years fled by me. Care and toil added
wrinkles to my brow and blanched my cheek.
Time scattered his grey hairs upon my head
and abated the strength of youth, and tired
with travel and business, I was returning to
lay me down beneath the green sod of my na-
tive land. The lingering rays of an Italian
sunset quietly reposed upon the mountain fane
around the Lake Maggiore, and bright clouds
passed over its mirror, then deep skirts, tinged
with the mingling glories of gold, purple, and
crimson. These faded slowly, and at length
the intense azure of the eastern heavens was
only relieved by the star of the evening, gently
whispering in the modest twilight with her pen-
sive eyes and dewy locks.

The dark sides of the mountain were deeply
shaded with groves of tall chestnut trees and
clustering vineyards. Little towns and white

villas, green pastures filled with flocks, and the
humble cottage bright to the very roof with
flowers and intertwining leaves, peeped out
at intervals through the thick foliage; spark-
ling rills, glittering like pearl and silver, now
taking their hue from the blue firmament, and
anon from the emerald verdure, glided down
the hills till their waters mingled with the lake
beneath.

In the midst of such scenery lay Isola Bella,
like a fair young child on the mother's bosom,
adorned to the water's edge with aromatic
plants. Orange and citron trees flourished
luxuriantly; and over the supporting branches
wandered the wild vines, wreathing their pur-
ple clusters with the golden frost and snowy
blossoms; and, as if in very mockery of the art
and pride of man, forming bowers, and temples,
and shady places, to rest in at noon. Close to
the shore, the splendid gardens of this little
Island, stood the ancient palace; but the busy
hand of time had left many a mouldering to-
ken on the broken arcade and fallen columns.

Our little boat glided gently over the lake,
and I gave my soul up to the soothing influence
of the scene around me. Past images of cor-
responding liveliness came before my mind's
eye, in their pristine lustre. "I lived over past
times again," and forgot at length I was sadly
changed—that they were no longer. The sound
of a flute came softly over the waters,
and recalled me to present life again. A small
white monument was now visible on the island;
and as we were near the shore, I recognized it
land. A female figure, cut out of the stone,
and reclining on a bier, was sculptured on the
tablet; a garland was on her head, and one
hand rested on her bosom. Above was en-
graved, "THE BROKEN HEART."

The boatman informed me that her name
was Ellen Medici. She was betrothed to a
young gentleman of high birth and fortune.
But man's love is like the evening meteor, too
often transient in its duration and desolating
in its departure. Merely to gratify a foolish
vanity, he deserted her habitation for weeks,
that at his return he might prove her unabated
love and faithful devotion to him. Though
perhaps never guilty of gross misdeeds, he first
ed with one and altered another, alike re-
gardless of his own honour and her feelings,
whom he had sworn to love forever and
changeless. And is a woman invariable to such
ingratitude because she laughs with the giddy
and dances with the gay, as usual; because
she welcomes her destroyer with the smile of
former days, when she loved and was loved in
the belief that her love was returned? cher-
ishing, to the last, the consoling hope, that she
may, by kindness, win back the wanderer, not
deceiving by word, look, or action, the sorrow
that is draining her life-blood, drop by drop,
from its fountain! I will tell you, that
maiden from whose burial mound (which would
have been her husband's) I stole the faded rose,
flushed thus, danced thus, and thus. But
she is at rest, and he for whom my sympathy
was awakened, when I knew not half the burden
then of his soul—dead at her grave the
maiden's heart over his man's—
and that the flower, which is especially
called, to adorn for a moment his cold bosom,
may leave, in its withering, a thorn that can
never be extracted.

THE QUEEN OF THE ROSE.

There is still a part of the world where sim-
ple genuine virtue receives public honors. It
is in a village of Picardy, where an affecting
ceremony, which draws tears from the specta-
tor, a solemnity, awful from its venerable an-
tiquity, and salutary influence, has been re-
served notwithstanding the revolutions of
twelve centuries; with which innocence is an-
nually crowned, is at once the reward, the en-
couragement, the emblem. Here, indeed, no
nobles preside upon the young heart, but it is a
gentle ambition; the prize is a hat, decorated
with roses. The preparations for a public
revelation, the pomp of the festival, the concourse
of people which it assembles, their attention
fixed upon modesty, which does itself honor by
its blushes, the simplicity of the reward, an em-
blem of those virtues by which it is obtained,
the affectionate friendship of the rivals, who,
in heightening the triumph of their queen, con-
sent in the bottom of their hearts, to the
and hope of reigning in their turn; all these
circumstances united, give a pleasing and af-
fecting pomp to this singular ceremony, which
makes every heart to palpitate, every eye to
sparkle with tears of true delight, and makes
wisdom the object of passion. To be irrepro-
achable is not sufficient, there is a kind of
nobleness, of which roses are required; a no-
bleness not of rank and dignity, but of worth
and innocence. These graces must include
several generations, both on the father and
mother's side; so that a whole family is crowned
upon the head of one; the triumph of one is the
glory of the whole; and the old man in grey
hairs, who shed the tears of sensibility on the
victory gained by the daughter of his son, placed
by her side, receives, in full, the reward of
sixty years, spent in a life of virtue.

By this means, emulation becomes general,
for the honor of the whole; every one dreads,
by an indelicate action, to dishonour either his
sister or his daughter. The crown of roses,
promised to the most prudent, is expected with
emotion, distributed with justice, and establish-
es goodness, rectitude, and morality, in every
family; it attaches the best people to the most
peaceful residence.

Example, powerful example, acts even at a
distance. There the bud of worthy actions is
undimmed; and the traveller in approaching this
territory, perceives, before he enters that he is
not far from Salency. In the course of so
many successive ages, all around them has
changed; they alone, will hand down to their
children, the inheritance they received from
their fathers: an institution truly great, from
its simplicity: powerful under an appearance
of weakness; such is the almost unknown influ-
ence of honors: such is the strength of that en-
suring, by which all men may be governed:
so honor, and you will reap virtue.

If we reflect upon the time the Salencians
have celebrated the festival, we find it is the
most ancient ceremony existing. If we attend
to its object, it is perhaps, the only one which
is dedicated to the service of virtue. If virtue
is the most useful and estimable advantage to
society in general, this establishment, by which
it is encouraged, is a public national benefit,
and belongs to France.

Madam De Genlis says, according to a tradi-
tion, handed down from age to age, Saint
Medard, born at Salency, was the institutor of
that charming festival, which has made virtue
flourish for so many ages. He had himself the
pleasing consolation of enjoying the fruit of his
wisdom, and his family was honored with the
prize which he had instituted, for his sister ob-
tained the crown of roses.

This affecting, and valuable festival has been
handed down from the fifth century, to the pre-
sent day. To this rose is attached a purity of
morals, which from time immemorial, has never
suffered the slightest blemish; to this rose
are attached the happiness, peace and glory of
the Salencians.

This rose is the portion, frequently the only
portion which virtue brings with it; this rose
forms the amiable and pleasing tie of a happy
marriage. Even fortune is anxious to obtain
it, and comes with respect to receive it from
the hand of honorable indigence. A possession
of twelve hundred years, and such splendid ad-
vantages, is the finest title that exists in the
world.

An important period in the history of the
rose, was when Louis XIII sent the Marquis
de Gordes, the captain of his guards, from the
castle of Verennes to Salency, with a blue rib-
bon, and a silver ring, to be presented from him,
to the queen of the rose. It is from that hono-
rable epoch, that a blue ribbon, flowing in
streamers, surrounds the crown of roses, that a
ring is fastened to it, and the young girls of her
train, wear over their white robes a blue ribbon,
in the manner of a scarf.

In 1766, Mr. Morfantine settled a yearly in-
come, of 120 livres upon the girl then elected
queen. This income to be enjoyed by her dur-
ing life, and after her death, each succeeding
girl, who should be crowned queen, to have one
year's income on the day of her election. This
beneficent genius can only be rewarded by the
honour of the public and honor alone is the
worthy recompense.

Some days before the feast of Medard, the
inhabitants assemble in presence of the officer
of justice, where this worthy company delibe-
rate upon the important business of making a
choice; in doing which, they have no object in
view but equity. They know all the merit
that give a title to the crown; they are ac-
quainted with all the domestic details of their
successful village; they have not, and cannot
have, any other intention, but to be just: en-
thusiasm, and respect for the memory of the ho-
norable institutor and the excellence of the institu-
tion, are still in full force among them. They
name three girls, three virtuous Salencians, of
the most esteemed and respectable families.

The nomination is immediately carried to
the Lord of Salency, or to the person appointed
to represent him, who is free to ride between
the three girls, but obliged to choose one of
them, whom he proclaims queen of the year.

Eight days before the ceremony, the name of
the successful candidate is declared in church.
When the great day of the festival arrives,
which is always the 8th of June, the Lord of
Salency, may claim the honor of conducting
the queen to be crowned. On that grand day,
she is greater than all whom she is surround-
ed; and that grandness is of a nature which
is not to be compared.

The Lord of Salency has the privilege of go-
ing to take virtue from her cottage, and lead it
in triumph. Leaning upon his arm, or the arm
of the person he has substituted in his place, the
queen of the Rose steps forth from her dwelling,
escorted by twelve young girls dressed in white,
with blue scarves, and twelve youths who wear
the livery of the queen; she is preceded by mu-
sic and drums, which announce the beginning
of the procession! She passes along the streets
of the village, between rows of spectators, whom
the festival has drawn to Salency, from the dis-
tance of four leagues. The public admiration ap-
plauds her; the mothers shed tears of joy; the old
men renew their strength to follow their be-
loved queen, and compare her with those whom
they have seen in their youth. The Salencians
are proud of the merits of her to whom they
give the crown; she is one of themselves, she
belongs to them, she reigns by their choice, she
reigns alone, and is the only object of our atten-
tion.

The queen being arrived at the church, the
place appointed for her is always in the midst
of the people, the only situation that could de-
serve honor; where she is, there is no longer any
distinction of rank, it all vanishes in the pres-
ence of virtue. A pew, placed in the middle of
a choir, in sight of all the people, is prepared
to receive her; her train range themselves in
two lines by her side, she is the only object of
the day, all eyes remain fixed upon her, and
her triumph continues.

After vespers the procession begins again;
the clergy lead the way, the Lord of Salency
receives her hand, her train join, the people fol-
low, and line the streets, while some of the in-
habitants, under arms, support the two roses,
offering their homage by the loudest acclama-
tions, until she arrives at the chapel of Saint
Medard, where the rites are kept up; the
goodly Salencians do not forsake their queen at
the instant when the reward of virtue is going
to be delivered; it is at that moment in particu-
lar, that it is pleasing to see her, and honorable
for her to be seen.

The officiating clergyman blesses the hat de-
corated with roses, and other ornaments; then
turning towards the assembly, he pronounces a
discourse on the subject of the festival. What
an affecting gravity, what an awful impression
does the language of the priest (who in such a
moment celebrates the praises of wisdom) make
upon the minds of his hearers; he holds the
crown in his hand while virtue waits kneeling
at his feet; all the spectators are affected, tears
in every eye, persuasion in every heart; then
is the moment of lasting impression; and at
that instant he places the crown upon her head.

After this begins a Te Deum, during which
the procession is resumed.
The queen with her crown upon her head,
and attended in the same manner as she was
when going to receive it, returns the way she
came; her triumph still increasing as she passes
along till she again enters the church, and
occupies the same place in the middle of the
choir, till the end of the service.

She has now homage to receive, and, going
forth, is attended to a particular piece of
ground, where crowned innocence finds expect-
ing vassals prepared to offer her presents.
They are simple gifts, but their singularity
proves the antiquity of the custom: a nosegay
of flowers, a dart, two balls, &c. &c.

From thence she is conducted, with the same
pomp, and led back to her relations, and, in
her own house, if she has a rose, gives a mar-
ried collection to her confidant and her retinue.
This festival is of a singular kind, of which
there is no model elsewhere. It is intended to
encourage virtue, by bestowing public honors,
and for such a purpose they ought to be bound

less. Where virtue reigns there is no rival;
and whoever wishes for distinction in her pres-
ence, cannot be sufficiently sensible of what is
due to her triumph.

The distinguished characteristic of this festi-
val is, that every part of it is referable to the
queen, that every thing is eclipsed by her pres-
ence; her splendor is direct, not reflected; her
glory borrows nothing from distinction of rank,
has no need of any one to make her great and
respectable; in one word it is the image of vir-
tue which shines, and every thing disappears
before her.—Len. Mir.

Death of Phrenology.—A humorous article
in a late Kaleidoscope, gives an account of
the trial and death of that notable personage,
Phrenology. The trial took place before Mr.
Judge Justice, on the bench of reflection with
a special jury of common sense and discretion.
The poor defendant was found guilty on all
the counts in the indictment, to the number
of 36, having been indicted on all the bumps
severally and conjointly.

In public he appeared with a numerous
train of dependants and auxiliaries—such as
horses, dogs, cats, and monkeys, and doxies'
heads, by which he logically proved the
knowledge contained in his own. He was
in his youth a wanderer, an outcast and a
vagabond; banished from Vienna, drummed
out of Paris, and nearly starved in London
and Edinburgh; he came to Liverpool,
where he finished his career, having suffered
the last penalty of the law, and was buried
with all scientific pomp. His friends (par-
ticularly Dr. Cameron and the lamp-jockey)
were to wear sackcloth and ashes for six
months, and to have their organs of veneration
highly developed.

The deceased was carried to the tomb
of his fathers, in the limits of vanity, where
he lies interred, covered with the ashes of
oblivion. The following inscription has been
written for his monument:

TO THE MEMORY OF
PHRENOLOGY.
Born of Fa-tay, by Polly bred;
Educated in the school of Sophistry,
Under the direction of Doctors Gall, Spurz-
heim, & Co.
Was introduced to the world by Novelty;
And gained some converts by Credulity.
He was plausible and cunning,
But deceitful and dangerous;
He had always symptoms of Folly;
But died an ardent impostor,
In the 21st year of his age,
1827.

A blue-stocking lady, whose volubility of
tongue was not the most edifying and amus-
ing in her family, said to her husband, "my dear,"
the husband, "and let Xenocrates be your pat-
tern;—for he devoted a great portion of the day
to silence."

Lying in bed.—"No piece of indolence,"
says a celebrated writer, "hurts the health
more than the modern custom of lying a bed
long in the morning. This is the general prac-
tice in great towns. The inhabitants of cities
seldom rise before eight or nine o'clock; but
the morning is undoubtedly the best time for
exercise, while the stomach is empty and the
body refreshed with sleep. Besides, the morn-
ing air braces and strengthens the nerves, and
in some measure answers the surfeit of a cold
bath. Let any one who has been accustomed
to lie a-bed till eight or nine o'clock, rise by
six or seven, spend a couple of hours in walk-
ing, riding or any active diversion without
doors, and he will find his spirits cheerful and
serene throughout the day, his appetite keen,
and his body braced and strengthened. Custom
soon renders early rising agreeable, and
nothing contributes more to the preservation of
health. The inactive are continually com-
plaining of pains in the stomach, flatulencies,
indigestion, &c. The complaints which pay
the way to many others, are not to be removed
by medicines; they can only be cured by a vig-
orous course of exercise, to which indeed they
seldom fail to yield. It consists with observa-
tion; that all very old men have been early ris-
ers. This is the only circumstance attending
longevity, to which I never knew an exception.

INDIAN SPORTS.

Mr. Stewart's Journal.—One of the most en-
tertaining chapters of this work is that which
describes the manners and customs of the Sand-
wich Islanders. They have a Byeman fond-
ness for the ocean, and make playmates of its
billows. Their surf sports are thus described
by Mr. Stewart.

"For this amusement, a plank of light wood,
eight or ten feet long, two feet broad, and three
or four inches thick in the middle, decreasing
to a sharp edge at the sides, and ends, which
are rounded; and having the whole surface
finely polished, is necessary—and forms an
article of personal property among the chiefs,
male and female, and among many of the com-
mon people. With this under their arm, they
wade or swim into the surf. On reaching a
roller, they dive under it with their board, to
prevent being carried back by its power; and
thus make their way beyond the reef, to the
smooth surface of the sea, at Labania, a quar-
ter of a mile from the beach.

"They then await the approach of a heavy
wave, place themselves at full length, flat upon
the board, with the face downwards, and the
head and chest elevated above the forward
end, headed for the shore. In this attitude they
bide the breaker, mount upon it crest as it
towers above the reef, and with the arms and
feet, skillfully keep their poise in the swell, so
as not to be sufficiently forward to be over-
whelmed by its combining, nor so far behind as
to lose its impetus; and they are thus hurried,
with the velocity of a race, on the rolling
summit,—their erected heads only appearing
above the foam—till they are cast on the beach,
or slip from the board in time to escape strik-
ing upon the sand.

"They then make their way out again, and
return in the same manner. Hundreds at a
time, have been occupied in this way for hours
together; while the waves are breaking on the
reef, apparently twenty and thirty feet high—
Riding upon the surf, in a canoe, in a similar
manner, is also a common and favorite amuse-
ment."—Balt. Gas.

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and the ladies are pretty fertile in making excuses for the dullness of the city, I say is owing to the wet weather. I am sure to be true in part; for hang me if I see one ray of sun or moonshine since the 1st of June.
 Next I shall tell you about the state of the air, in this notorious city. I am sure to be true to the mark, and it is no wonder; so no more at present, but yours to the top of my beaver.
 Present me fraternally to J. R. and very respectfull compliments to Louisa.

We need it due to the *interest* of society in the *cause* of education, to add, that we perceive the leading principle of *some* system, to be that the pupils must learn to *think for themselves*. For children of quick niter I take it, is easy to con- answers to be repeated by rote; and this exercise may be carried to the extent of accuracy and promptness, which will en- deceive and astound the auditor. Nay, a teacher himself will often be deceived, for are elementary books, furnishing sets of answers, apparently so familiar and complete, that it requires not a little of scrutiny to discover, that they may all be fixed in the memory without incurring a single idea of the un- derstanding. Such arrangements furnish ex- ercise to the various mental powers, which are filled into exercise in the different avocations of life, and none of that knowledge which is useful to us in our intercourse with mankind, are useless lumber stored away to be neglected and forgotten.

But when the first elements are simplified and illustrated till they are clearly understood, and the mind is then led step by step from one

This image shows a blank, aged, cream-colored page, likely an endpaper or flyleaf of a book. The paper has a slightly textured appearance with some minor discoloration and faint creases. A dark, irregular tear or hole is visible along the left edge, and the right edge is bound into a dark cover.

FASHIONABLE HIEROGLYPHICS.

When the history of this age shall be written, it will be set down as one of the marks of its decadence, that much of domestic intercourse was carried on through a figurative medium, superior for simplicity and brevity to the Egyptian hieroglyphics, (eruvian cords, or Arabian cyphers. The material employed, the future Champollion will say, was a preparation of paper, which when put into the circulating shape, was called a card. The symbols used were merely the name of the individual, and sometimes certain cabalistic emblems were added from the alphabet. This we have reason to believe was the ordinary mode of communication, and there is no intention of antiquity the less of which is more to be deplored, than this art of steganography.

The discovery of a card-case in those days, will terminate the fame of the pyramids of Africa; and all the reliques of Hieroglyphics would be given for a single specimen of the mystical inscriptions of us ancients. All the other literary importations of Calamus would be surrendered for an insight of the occult meaning of the portentous consonants T, P, L, and P. P. C.: and the Sphinx and the Sphinx would be neglected as mysticisms inferior to the broken and bent corners of the incomprehensible pastebord. Such a prospect of puzzling the Old Mortality, and Archæological societies of futurity, should excite to good humored people of our day, to multiply the use of this invaluable agent, which is calculated to shed lustre on our age, when the ruins of the Parthenon shall stand in Acropolis street, in the present condition of its prototype of Greece, and the Scotch Novels be posterity what the Ionian and Silesian Tales are to us.

There is this decided superiority which the card has above all other species of emblematical writing, that it is not merely expressive of language, but it is also the actual representative of the person, and attracts to it all the deference and courtesy which its principal, in proper person, can command. It induces the despotism of a king, and makes its recipient debtor to kind of representative visitor. The valuable time that is thus saved, the waste of words that is prevented, the quantity of reputation saved a little longer from being gossiped away, throw an inestimable value on this branch of its employment. It reduces friendship to an absurdity, calling a name, and saves us from the trouble of harboring certain affections, which so often come in the way of some people. The card is a palpable, substantial metaphor. It bids the tender farewell, prevents a sorrow attendant upon the parting of friends, by substituting an unhealed adieu for the painful embrace, or affords that retirement, which overflowing grief delights to seek, and which we take it for granted many a boudoir shoves, when a P. P. C. is left by the footman, a friend, with whom the closest intimacy is subsisted—in cards.

Carding is your only true politeness. It is some one's right, not only to choose their company, but to select, in particular, the objects who shall be admitted to the honour of an audience. It is genuine comeliness in a visitor thus to cast her late, like the gamblers, on a card, and to abide with patience the determination of the whim to be at home, or out (meaning of course) of the drawing room. Then again, if there be more than one in the same house to undergo the process of a call, even an actual entry, as another cunning set call it, would be ambiguous as to its object—but there is no mistaking an inverted corner—there's more magic in that than ever talismans performed.

But the card is not only the herald of good will. She who plants the olive was the goddess of war. The Caduceus, in the hands of Apollo, drove the snakes he tended; Mercury, with the same instrument, conducted the dead to their final destination. So, whilst the card is generally the type of fellowship, in other hands it is the eagle to combat only and bloodless. Their exchange is now the very emblem of good feeling—again the token of revenge; and if F. L., instead of taking leave, comes to signify to take life.

But notwithstanding the great and manifest benefits, it is grievous to think that any limited circle circumscribe the usefulness of this mighty substitute; and it is recommended to what ever combinations in America correspond to the patronesses of Almack's, as the arbiters of fashion, seriously to consider the importance of its extension to most of the purposes of life. I will just glance at the most ordinary of the cases in which their agency could be employed.—Sunday sometimes comes inconveniently.—When Scott or Cooper publishes on Saturday, or Madame des Modes is unpropitious.—Now what could be easier than to despatch a card to the church? And I am so sanguine of the scheme, that I believe that as much devotion will be performed by the proxy, as if the carders themselves were present. Hogarth painted the aperture of a church porch box covered with cobwebs, to indicate its disuse. Let them be corrected into receptacles for the cards of the delinquent congregation, and this reproach will be swept away, whilst the absentees may imitate the nascent morality of the Sandwich Islanders, who having been taught the sanctity of the Sabbath, when there is no public service, dress themselves in their best apparel, and spend the holy day in sleep.

How easily might the importunities of the poor be silenced by presenting the supplicant for alms with a card; as the demand of creditors are effectually stopped by the tickets of their insolvent debtors. And how much more reasonable to send to send these representatives to comfort the distressed and to supply the needs, than to visit their hovels in person, and partake their sufferings by sympathy!

What fatigues and weariness would be redeemed to good purposes by sending a card, instead of travelling to see the curiosities of nature! It is told that a traveller boasted that he had accomplished the view of Niagara in twenty minutes. The achievement would have been much more brilliant, and the stupidity of the employment entirely alleviated, had he transmitted thither a card, and a rhapsody for the Hotel Register.

Sho-keepers would be grateful to receive the peaceful card, in lieu of the personal invasion which leaves their counters in anarchy and confusion—in statu quo. The every-day farce of confidence in a Dame Heron, besought to bring an angel down, and when she of course

Her oath, by yes and nay, She could not—would not—dare not play.

—might be turned into a pantomime by presenting a card to her persecutor.

In short, there is that of social life, and its use of show, with all its forms of substance, and even with a few observed. These employments would be more valuable than the lamp of Aladdin, or his shadow to Peter Rabbit's shield, should have the merit of the invention of the art, instead of the concealed, that there are grounds to believe that he card may be talked of by the ancients under the name of the Good Genius.

Lord Kelly had a remark. One day foot solicited him to look over his garden wall to ripen his melons.

THE WANDERINGS OF CAIN.

A FRAGMENT.—BY S. T. COLERIDGE.
"A little farther, O my father, yet a little farther, and we shall come into the open moonlight!" Their road was through a forest of fir-trees; at its entrance the trees stood at distances from each other, and the path was broad, and the moonlight shone upon it, and appeared quietly to inhabit that solitude. But soon the path widened and became narrow; the sun at high noon sometimes speckled but never illuminated it, and now it was dark as a cavern.

"It is dark, O my father!" said Enos, "but the path under our feet is smooth and soft, and we shall soon come into the open moonlight. Ah, why dost thou groan so deeply?" "Lead on my child," said Cain, "guide me, little child." And the innocent child clasped a finger of the hand which had murdered the righteous Abel, and he guided his father. "The fir branches drip upon thee my son." "Yes, pleasantly, father, for I am fast and eagerly to bring thee the pitcher and the cake, and my body is not yet cool. How happy the squirrels are that feed on the fir tree! they leap from bough to bough, and the old squirrels play round their young ones in the nest. I climb a tree yesterday at noon, O my father, that I might play with them, but they leaped away from the branches even to the slender twigs did they leap, and in a moment I beheld them on another tree. Why, O my father, would they not play with me? Is it because we are not as happy as they are?" "Then Cain stopped, and stifling his groans he sank to the earth, and the child Enos stood in the dark beside him; and Cain lifted up his voice and cried bitterly, and said, 'The Mighty One that persecuteth me is on this side and on that; He is around me even as the air, O that I might utterly be no more! I desire to die—yes, the things that never had life, neither were they upon the earth—behold they seem precious to mine eyes. O that a man might live without the breath of his nostrils, so I might abide in darkness and blackness, and an empty space! Yes, I would lie down, I would not rise, neither would I stir my limbs till I became as the rock in the den of the lion, on which the young lion resteth his head when he sleepeth. For the torrent that roareth far off hath a voice; and the clouds in heaven looked terribly on me; the Mighty One who is against me speaketh in the wind of the cedar grove; and in silence am I dried up.'" Then Enos spoke to his father.

"Arise my father, arise, we are a little way from the place where I found the cake and the pitcher," and Cain said, "How knowest thou?" and the child answered, "Behold the hard rocks are but a few of thy strides distant from the forest; and while even now thou wert lifting up thy voice, I heard the echo." Then the child took hold of his father, as if he would raise him, and Cain being faint and feeble rose slowly on his knees and pressed himself against the trunk of a fir, and stood upright, and followed the child. The path was dark till within three strides' length of its termination when it turned suddenly; the thick black trees formed a low arch, and the moonlight appeared for a moment like a dazzling portal. Enos ran before and stood in the open air; and when Cain, his father, emerged from the darkness the child was affrighted; for the mighty limbs of Cain were wasted as by fire; his hair was black, and matted into lank curls, and his countenance was dark and wild, and told in a strange and terrible language or agonies that had been, and were, and were still to continue to be.

The scene around was desolate; the bare rocks faced each other, and left a long and wide interval of their white sand. You might wander on, and look round and round, and peep into the crevices of the rocks, and discover nothing that acknowledged the influence of the seasons. There was no spring, no summer, no autumn, and the winter's snow that would have been lovely, fell not on these hot rocks and scorching sands. Never morning lark had poised himself over this desert; but the huge serpent often hissed there beneath the talons of the vulture, and the vulture screamed, his wing imprisoned within the coils of the serpent. The pointed and shattered summits of the ridges of the rocks made a rude mimicry of human concerns, and seemed to prophesy mutely of things that were not; steeples and battlements and ships with naked masts. As far from the wood as a boy might sling a pebble of the brook, there was one rock by itself at a small distance from the main ridge. It had been precipitated there perhaps by the terrible groan the earth gave when our first father fell. Before you approached, it appeared to lie flat on the ground, but its base slanted from its point, and between its points and the sands a tall man might stand upright. It was here that Enos had found the pitcher and cake, and to this place he led his father. But ere they arrived there they beheld a human shape; his back was towards them, and they were coming up unperceived, when they heard him smite his breast and cry aloud, "Wo, is me! wo, is me! I must never die again, and yet I am perishing with thirst and hunger."

The face of Cain turned pale; but Enos said, "Ere yet I could speak, I am sure, O my father, that I heard that voice. Have I not often said that I remembered a sweet voice. O my father! this is it!" and Cain trembled exceedingly. The voice was sweet indeed, but it was thin and querulous like that of a feeble slave in misery, who despairs altogether, yet cannot refrain himself from weeping and lamentation. Enos crept softly round the base of the rock, and stood before the stranger, and looked up into his face. And the shape shrieked and turned round, and Cain beheld him, and that his limbs and his face were those of his brother Abel whom he had killed; and Cain stood like one who struggles in his sleep because of the exceeding terrible of a dream; and ere he had recovered himself from the tumult of his agitation, the shape fell at his feet, and embraced his knees, and cried out with a bitter cry, "O thou eldest born of Adam, whom Eve, my mother, brought forth, cease to torment me! I was feeding my flocks in green pastures by the side of quiet rivers, and thou killedst me; and now I am in misery." Then Cain closed his eyes, and hid them with his hands—and he again opened his eyes, and looked around him, and said to Enos, "What beholdest thou? Didst thou bear a voice, my son?" "Yes, my father, I beheld a man in unclean garments, and he uttered a sweet voice, full of lamentation." Then Cain raised up the shape that was like Abel, and said, "The creator of our father, who had respect unto thee, and unto thy suffering, wherefore hath he forsaken thee?" Then the shape shrieked a second time, and rent his garments, and his naked skin was

like the white sands beneath their feet; and he shrieked yet a third time, and threw himself on his face upon the sand that was black with the shadow of the rock, and Cain and Enos sat beside him; the child by his right hand and Cain by his left. They were all three under the rock, and within the shadow. The shape that was like Abel raised himself up, and spake to the child; "I know where the cold waters are, but I may not drink, wherefore didst thou take away my pitcher?" But Cain said, didst thou not find favor in the sight of the Lord thy God? She shape answered, "The Lord is God of the living only, the dead have another God." Then the child Enos lifted up his eyes and prayed; but Cain rejoiced secretly in his heart. "Wretched shall they be all the days of their mortal life," exclaimed the Shape, "who sacrifice worthy and acceptable sacrifices to the God of the dead; but after death they toil ceaseless. Woe is me, for I was well beloved by the God of the living, and cruel wert thou, O my brother, who didst snatch me away from his power and his dominion." Having uttered these words, he rose suddenly, and fled over the sands; and Cain said in his heart, "The curse of the Lord is on me—but who is the God of the dead?" and he ran after the Shape, and the Shape fled shrieking over the sands, and the sands rose like white mists behind the steps of Cain, but the feet of him that was like Abel disturbed not the sands. He greatly outran Cain, and turning short, he wheeled round, and came again to the rock where they had been sitting, and where Enos still stood; and the child caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and he fell upon the ground; and Cain stopped, and beholding him not, said, "He has passed into the dark woods," and walked slowly back to the rocks, and when he reached it the child told him that he had caught hold of his garment as he passed by, and that the man had fallen upon the ground; and Cain once more sat beside him, and said, "Abel, my brother, I would lament for thee, but that the spirit within me is withered, and burnt up with extreme agony. Now I pray thee, by thy flocks and by thy pastures, and by the quiet rivers which thou lovest, that thou tell me all that thou knowest. Who is the God of the dead? where doth he make his dwelling? What sacrifices are acceptable unto him? I have offered, but have not been received; I have prayed, and have not been heard; and how can I be afflicted more than I already am?" The Shape rose and answered, "O that thou hadst had pity on me as I will have pity on thee. Follow me, son of Adam, and bring thy child with thee!" and they three passed over the white sands between the rocks, silent as their shadows.

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She will engage to teach ladies to work LACE in two weeks, of all patterns, and without a pattern, equal in every respect to any French or English Laces. Also, Running on Bobbinet in the most splendid manner. Fancy work on Muslin, Dress and Corset making, Plain work of every description, &c. which will be taught by the week, month or quarter.
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November 24, 1827. 48 4t

THE CELEBRATED TONIC AND ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PILLS.

Are prepared and sold by J. CRUMBACKER, Druggist, Wheeling, Virginia.
THIS happy combination of tonic and cathartic powers so long desired in this vexatious and prevailing malady called Dyspepsia, by means of which the digestive powers are strengthened, while the stomach and bowels are exonerated from their morbid contents. This great desideratum, happily discovered, which it cures, invigorates, and while it more successfully combats the disease than any other remedy hitherto administered, produces neither sickness nor nausea, and without any interference with either the ordinary food or occupation of the patient. The influence of these pills is not less remarkable on account of their anti-billous than of their anti-dyspeptic powers. A few boxes will generally be found competent to the removal of the most inveterate case of dyspepsia; and one or two portions to cleanse the stomach and bowels of those collections of vitiated bile which have ever been considered such a fruitful source of disease. These pills are entirely free from any of the pre-arranged dose of mercury, and exactly adapted to cure the disease for which they are intended. They correct acidity of the stomach, remove habitual constipation, sick head-ache, and indigestion, and are well adapted to the diseases of women and children.
Directions for their use accompany the boxes which enclose them. Price 50 cents, or box.
For sale by HENRY CLARK, 1 Lower Market street; and GOODWIN, ASHTON & CO. Upper Market space.
November 16, 47 5m

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF WATCHES, JEWELLERY, AND ORNAMENTAL GOODS.

Now opening and for sale by
A. M'GREW,
Main Street, (nearly opposite the United States Bank.)
CINCINNATI.

Consisting of
Gold Patent Lever Watches, (plain, jewelled, compound balance and compensation curb.)
Silver Patent Lever Watches,
Horizontal Musical Repeaters,
Alarm Watches, Vertical Silver do.,
Ladies' Patent Lever and Vertical do.,
do. Chains, Seals, Keys and Hooks,
Topaz, Amethyst, Filigree and Pearl Ear-Rings,
do. do. do. & Diamond Pins,
do. do. do. do. Rings,
Jet Pins and Rings,
Splendid Gold Seals, Keys and Chains,
Cable Neck Chains, Coral Beads,
Silver Pens, Ever-point Pencils,
Musical Work and Snuff Boxes,
Cameo Bracelets and Ear Rings,
Britannia Tea Sets and Tumblers,
Swords, Epaugettes, stars, spangles, lace, &c.
Plated Table and Tea Spoons,
do. Soup Ladles,
do. Candlesticks,
Glass Lamps and Candlesticks, of the newest Patterns,
Silver Spectacles and Thimbles,
Portable Sun Dials and Compasses, &c.
Together with a good assortment of Gold and Steel Chains, Seals and Keys, Clock and Watch-makers' Tools and Materials, &c. &c.
All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash.
Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call and examine the articles.
Cincinnati, Nov. 24. 48t
(?) Clocks, Watches and Time Pieces carefully repaired.

CINCINNATI IN 1826.
Containing an account of the
POPULATION, COMMERCE, MANUFACTURES, BUILDINGS, &c.
STEAM-BOATS, INSTITUTIONS, STATE OF SOCIETY, &c.
of this city for sale at the different Book stores in Cincinnati.
July, 1827.

JOSEPH I. HASKINS,
HAS just received, and is now opening, at NO. 93, Main Street, an assortment of Hats, Caps, Furs, and Trimmings—among which are the following:

- 4 doz. first quality New York castor Hats
 - 5 do do do do do rorau do
 - 2 do superior fur seal-skin caps
 - 1 do boys do do do
 - 2 do brown hair do do
 - 2 do black do do do
 - 2 do grey do do do
 - 263 pcs. black binding
 - 14 gro. lat buckles
 - 45 pcs. orange and yellow hat linings
 - 60 do lat tips and sides
 - 200 do white do do
 - 10 lbs. nutria fur
 - 25 do coney do
 - 25 do raw Russia
 - 6 do prime back Russia
 - 2 do dursedred rabbit-skins for cloak collars
 - 10 9 unplunked Spanish wool badies 4 oz. wt.
 - 1000 plunked do
 - 1000 prime northern musk-rat
 - 4 do coarse superior hawstruck
 - 22 air brast batter's cards
 - 6 do steel
 - 20 lbs. gum shellac
 - Also, a few pounds of good beaver.
- J. I. H. would observe, that he intends keeping constantly on hand an assortment of hats of his own manufacture, and has taken pains to select the best materials. As to their quality, he leaves those who please to favour him with their custom, to call and judge for themselves.
Dec. 30. 53

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STEAM-BOATS, INSTITUTIONS, STATE OF SOCIETY, &c.
of this city for sale at the different Book stores in Cincinnati.
July, 1827.

JOSEPH I. HASKINS,
HAS just received, and is now opening, at NO. 93, Main Street, an assortment of Hats, Caps, Furs, and Trimmings—among which are the following:

- 4 doz. first quality New York castor Hats
 - 5 do do do do do rorau do
 - 2 do superior fur seal-skin caps
 - 1 do boys do do do
 - 2 do brown hair do do
 - 2 do black do do do
 - 2 do grey do do do
 - 263 pcs. black binding
 - 14 gro. lat buckles
 - 45 pcs. orange and yellow hat linings
 - 60 do lat tips and sides
 - 200 do white do do
 - 10 lbs. nutria fur
 - 25 do coney do
 - 25 do raw Russia
 - 6 do prime back Russia
 - 2 do dursedred rabbit-skins for cloak collars
 - 10 9 unplunked Spanish wool badies 4 oz. wt.
 - 1000 plunked do
 - 1000 prime northern musk-rat
 - 4 do coarse superior hawstruck
 - 22 air brast batter's cards
 - 6 do steel
 - 20 lbs. gum shellac
 - Also, a few pounds of good beaver.
- J. I. H. would observe, that he intends keeping constantly on hand an assortment of hats of his own manufacture, and has taken pains to select the best materials. As to their quality, he leaves those who please to favour him with their custom, to call and judge for themselves.
Dec. 30. 53

MISS DUDGEON.
(RECENTLY FROM EUROPE.)
RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies of Cincinnati and its vicinity, that she has commenced a School, on the west side of Sycamore street, three doors above Fourth street, for the purpose of teaching all kinds of NEEDLE-WORK requisite for a lady to understand.
She will engage to teach ladies to work LACE in two weeks, of all patterns, and without a pattern, equal in every respect to any French or English Laces. Also, Running on Bobbinet in the most splendid manner. Fancy work on Muslin, Dress and Corset making, Plain work of every description, &c. which will be taught by the week, month or quarter.
As Miss D. is the only person in this country who has ever taught the true way of working LACE, she hopes the Ladies will call and examine her system.
Terms made known on application at the school.
Should not sufficient encouragement be received, the school will be closed in January.
Miss D. having made arrangements at the eastward, will have the FASHIONS sent out every month, which will be advantageous to those ladies who may attend the School.
November 24, 1827. 48 4t

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THE CELEBRATED TONIC AND ANTI-DYSPEPTIC PILLS.

Are prepared and sold by J. CRUMBACKER, Druggist, Wheeling, Virginia.
THIS happy combination of tonic and cathartic powers so long desired in this vexatious and prevailing malady called Dyspepsia, by means of which the digestive powers are strengthened, while the stomach and bowels are exonerated from their morbid contents. This great desideratum, happily discovered, which it cures, invigorates, and while it more successfully combats the disease than any other remedy hitherto administered, produces neither sickness nor nausea, and without any interference with either the ordinary food or occupation of the patient. The influence of these pills is not less remarkable on account of their anti-billous than of their anti-dyspeptic powers. A few boxes will generally be found competent to the removal of the most inveterate case of dyspepsia; and one or two portions to cleanse the stomach and bowels of those collections of vitiated bile which have ever been considered such a fruitful source of disease. These pills are entirely free from any of the pre-arranged dose of mercury, and exactly adapted to cure the disease for which they are intended. They correct acidity of the stomach, remove habitual constipation, sick head-ache, and indigestion, and are well adapted to the diseases of women and children.
Directions for their use accompany the boxes which enclose them. Price 50 cents, or box.
For sale by HENRY CLARK, 1 Lower Market street; and GOODWIN, ASHTON & CO. Upper Market space.
November 16, 47 5m

AN ELEGANT ASSORTMENT OF WATCHES, JEWELLERY, AND ORNAMENTAL GOODS.

Now opening and for sale by
A. M'GREW,
Main Street, (nearly opposite the United States Bank.)
CINCINNATI.

Consisting of
Gold Patent Lever Watches, (plain, jewelled, compound balance and compensation curb.)
Silver Patent Lever Watches,
Horizontal Musical Repeaters,
Alarm Watches, Vertical Silver do.,
Ladies' Patent Lever and Vertical do.,
do. Chains, Seals, Keys and Hooks,
Topaz, Amethyst, Filigree and Pearl Ear-Rings,
do. do. do. & Diamond Pins,
do. do. do. do. Rings,
Jet Pins and Rings,
Splendid Gold Seals, Keys and Chains,
Cable Neck Chains, Coral Beads,
Silver Pens, Ever-point Pencils,
Musical Work and Snuff Boxes,
Cameo Bracelets and Ear Rings,
Britannia Tea Sets and Tumblers,
Swords, Epaugettes, stars, spangles, lace, &c.
Plated Table and Tea Spoons,
do. Soup Ladles,
do. Candlesticks,
Glass Lamps and Candlesticks, of the newest Patterns,
Silver Spectacles and Thimbles,
Portable Sun Dials and Compasses, &c.
Together with a good assortment of Gold and Steel Chains, Seals and Keys, Clock and Watch-makers' Tools and Materials, &c. &c.
All of which will be sold on the most reasonable terms for cash.
Ladies and Gentlemen are invited to call and examine the articles.
Cincinnati, Nov. 24. 48t
(?) Clocks, Watches and Time Pieces carefully repaired.

CINCINNATI IN 1826.
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